Sunday Advertiser

WALTER G. SMITH : : : : : : : : EDITOR.

SUNDAY : : : : : : : MAY 10

CHILDREN SMALL FARMERS.

There is some food for thought in the report of the Superintendent of the Kona Orphanage, printed in the Advertiser of Friday. It is not that the report shows that the orphan children are cared for, and well cared for. All civilized communities care for the fatherless. That is a part of man's duty, a thing so much a matter of course that it goes into the estimate of good citizenship without question. The report of the Superintendent of the Kona Orphanage not only shows that the children are well cared for but,—and that is one of the marks of the progressive age we live in,—it likewise shows that the children are being taught to care for themselves—which is the best kind of teaching. The only helpful help man gives to man is to teach the man to help himself. But the Kona Orphanage even goes farther than that. While the children of that orphanage are being cared for, and taught to care for themselves in the eventuality of life, they are likewise giving the people of the territory, who care for them, a lesson that is not the less forceful because it is quietly, and in a measure unconsciously given. The report of the Superintendent, as printed, contains this paragraph:

"Queries from interested friends concerning the food supply of the institution give me the pleasure of making a statement concerning the same. Of the forty acres of land, twenty of which are in coffee and twelve in sugar, four are laid out into garden patches where sweet potatoes, carrots, beans, radishes, onions, beets, turnips, squashes, lettuce, egg plant, parsley, tomatoes, cabbage and bananas are raised in sufficient abundance to liberally supply the tables. The school's cows furnish the milk, which means also home-made butter and cheese. Enough hens are raised to furnish the eggs and a few hives of bees insure honey at regular intervals. Papaias and guavas yield abundantly of their luscious fruit the year round and in their season breadfruit, mangoes, alligator pears, rose-apples and pohas are obtainable in quantities that make us marvel at the wealth of Nature. Thus from our own soil and the efforts of the children, who are the gardeners, does the food supply largely come. The foods itemized in the report are staples, as flour, rice, sugar, salt, etc., so really do not tell the best part of the story. With fresh vegetables, fruits, honey, milk, butter and eggs we are able to live cheaply and well and without sickness in our midst."

And that paragraph teaches a lesson that the people, the whole people of this territory have need to learn. They must learn it, indeed, if the territory is ever to come out of the territorial chrysalis into the full and free life of American statehood. It is the efforts of the children themselves, given to the soil, that furnish the food supply abundant nature will give to any man who tills the rich soil of these islands with intelligence and perseverance. The children do not falter, nor stand back, nor cry out that "small farming in the territory is an exploded fallacy." The children, bless them, do not know what a fallacy is, being children. They plant the seeds, and tend the garden, and nature rewards the trust that they put in her—and the effort they put forth. Nature always will. Nature has some sense of humor, and the strictest possible sense of justice, but nature never argues, being too busy doing things.

"From our own soil, and from the efforts of the children, who are the gardeners," says the Superintendent of the Kona Orphanage, "does the food supply largely come." But the children are more than gardeners. They have twenty acres in coffee, and twelve in sugar cane, and are, in effect, small farmers on a decidedly pretentious scale. And they make it pay for the same reason that any small farm in the islands can be made to pay by any farmer who will attend to his farm. Here, in fact, is a practical illustration of all that has been claimed in behalf of small farming on these islands, and it comes in a way that must of necessity disarm the most incredulous scoffer. No man with manhood in him can sneer at the efforts at self-support put forth by orphan children. There is only room for admiration, and a sense of thankfulness to that greater Power that is over us all. "And a little child shall lead them."

OUR JAPANESE RESERVES.

The interesting fact appears in the Advertiser's news columns that 20,000 Japanese laborers, of the 60,000 now employed in these islands, would be subject to military summons by Japan if that country should be drawn into a war. These men are mostly trained soldiers of the reserve though some of them have their tours of army duty yet to perform. If needed or called for, it is their business to report to their posts as soon as practicable.

Could they do it? The problem of transportation, if the summons was deferred until after a declaration of war, is a vital one. It may be assumed, on the basis of the Kow Shing affair in 1894, that no neutral vessel would consent to take contraband passengers to Japan. The Kow Shing, as will be recalled, was a British steamer engaged in carrying Chinese troops to Korea after hostilities between China and Japan had begun. The Japanese cruiser Naniwa intercepted her and, on her refusal to surrender, sunk the vessel, which went down with the British flag flying. In subsequent proceedings at London the law officers of the crown sustained the validity of the Naniwa's act. Hence neutral passenger steamers, used as transports between Hawaii and Japan, carrying Japanese army reserves, would, in case of hostilities between Japan and a maritime power like Russia, take a risk which the underwriters would not approve.

Then what? The only way Japan could draw its troops from here would be to send her own convoyed transports for them. The average capacity of the sixty Japanese transports used in the war of 1894 was three hundred men, exclusive of the crews. A fleet of the same tonnage could move our 20,000 reserves in one trip, half of it in two trips, one-fourth of it in four, etc.; but as the transports would all be required to carry soldiers across the narrow seas to Korea, Manchuria and Siberia, and as the entire Japanese navy would be kept busy convoying them, protecting the coasts and fighting Russian ships-of-war, it may be taken for granted that no Japanese vessels would come here during hostilities to take on a single fighting man. Japan would not need our 20,000 reserves—having such an immense enrollment at home—badly enough to accept the risk of going after them.

To anticipate a war by sending for these men now would be to bring the war on with the transports and convoys at a distance. That is a peril which the Japanese government may be trusted not to invite.

The conclusion is that if Japan gets into a conflict with Russia single-handed, the Hawaiian contingent of her army will stay right here cutting cane, mowing lawns, managing kitchens and selling pop beer as usual. Of course, if Great Britain should become an ally of Japan, things would be different, for then, with the command of the sea, the two powers could maintain a ferry between Honolulu and Yokohama without trouble.

The Porto Rican laborers want to go home and will tell any tale of woe to get passage paid. But inquiry shows that they are better fed, better housed and better treated here than they ever were in Porto Rico. What hurts their feelings is that they have to work for a living in Hawaii and cannot become vagrants without going to jail. Old Porto Rico, with no vagrant laws and Government relief for the hungry, looks like a paradise to them.

It begins to look as if Honolulu, before seeking tourists, should make sure there are steamers enough to carry and fetch. Travel is incommoded now for want of cabin space. A twin screw leviathan on the ferry between here and San Francisco ought to pay and assuredly would be a convenience to the local public.

The news that the Porte has suspended reforms comes on the heels of the dispatch about the withdrawal of foreign warships from Salonica. Europe's sincerity in demanding the reforms was suspected at the time, but it was hardly thought that she would assist, even negatively, in breaking them down.

The impression that Mr. Hearst married so as to help his Presidential chances is not enhanced by the admission that his bride, Miss Millicent Wilson, was formerly a chorus girl in "The Girl From Paris" company.

Cervera has won final honors from Spain. Schley is still waiting on the United States and Sampson died without even getting the thanks of Congress. What is that about the ingratitude of republics?

The National Guard of Hawaii will camp with the Regulars some time between this and the end of June. If the Regulars give enough study to Captain Johnson's company it will be a great help to them.

With Shamrock III beating her predecessor and with Defender getting beaten by hers, Sir Thomas Lipton must begin to feel like placing a bet on the international race.

Bronson Howard's Visit.
Dr. McGrew's Hospitality.
Pratt and the Congressman.
No Water for Sake.
The Three Army Thieves.
Interest on the Million.

Seeing Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah" the other night I couldn't help thinking of the time he was in Honolulu, one of a party of Raymond & Whitcomb tourists. It was a decade or more ago when the old Chinese theater down near King and Nuuanu stream was in full blast—yes, "blast" is the word. I was passing the place with a friend to whom I said, "Yes, a good play is running there now." A short, stocky, gray moustached man was near by and and turning he inquired: "That is the Chinese theater I suppose? Could you tell me when the play begins?" I told him and he gave me the card of Bronson Howard. I reminded him of having met his father in Leipsic thirty-five years before, when we were both studying there, and the two or us became good friends.

Of course I apprised Dr. McGrew, who was Honolulu's chief entertainer then, and he sought out the distinguished playwright. The next night Bronson Howard, the Doctor and myself went to the theater, escorted by the Marshal. "Old Tycoon," who ran the show, was suspicious. He thought we were opium detectives; but finally by pointing to Howard and saying "All same you; big theater chief," he thawed. Then we had a very Oriental time. We sat on the stage, wandered behind the scenes, tried on the headdresses, saw the imitation ladies "make up" and peered into the bunks, above the proscenium, where sodden coolies lay snoring away their cares. After the performance, which was made intelligible in a foreign tongue despite lack of scenery, by the perfect pantomime of the actors, the "Tycoon" asked us upstairs and gave us a banquet—and such a banquet. Dr. McGrew grew pale at the soup, which was a thing of spiced meat balls in strained fish chowder, and when the chop suey arrived he went galloping down stairs as if he had a hurry-call from a patient. That was indeed what he had—but he was the patient.

Bronson Howard enjoyed it all, even the menu. Of the play and acting he was sincere in his praise. "In fact," he said to me, "they do things in Asia which we cannot equal, especially in getting stage effects. One never sees elsewhere such uses of scenery as they make in Japan. Stage managers there are poets. I recall a play which told of the life of a young man, prematurely aged by vice, who died before his career had fairly opened. The acting had no flaw, but after the story was finished and the last scene ended, the curtain rose again and revealed a cherry tree in bloom. The breezes came and the blossoms began to fall and finally a strong wind blew them all away, leaving the tree stark and bare. In that simple scene the whole theme of the play was repeated."

I speak of Dr. McGrew as a public entertainer. He once told me it had cost him $10,000 per annum for many years to extend private hospitality, especially to strangers. Visiting statesmen, naval officers, authors, journalists, tourists and the like all found their way to the McGrew home, which, embowered in foliage, stood on Hotel street where Bishop street and the Young building are now. The Doctor's cottages always sheltered guests; the Doctor's cocktails always cheered them; the Doctor's welcome made them feel at home no matter how far from home they were. I remember one funny incident there in which the late Admiral Belknap figured. He had been out late and it had been raining earlier in the evening so he carried an unbrella when he arrived at the Doctor's porch. His host asked him to take a night-cap and the twain fared to the pantry. You remember how the doctor brewed his famous drink. He took a tumbler and filled it about a third full of ice-water,

(Continued on page 5.)

The Pope's Bill of Fare.

Seek neatness first: although the board be spare,
Be every dish and napkin bright and fair;
And be thy vintage purest of the pure,
To warm the heart and prove a pleasant lure
That shall both friends and wholesome mirth insure.
Be frugal here, however, nor decline
To put a frequent water to your wine.
Select for home-made bread the choicest wheat,
And have in plenty all the goodly meat
Of fowl, and lamb, and ox (but first be sure
They're tender!); nor with plenteous garniture
Of spice and pickle play the epicure!
Next have the beakers foaming to the brim
With milk no thrifty maid hath dared to skim.
No draught than this more wholesome shall assuage
The thirst of childhood or declining age.
Let golden honey be thy daintier fare;
Of Hybla's nectar take a scantier share;
Be thy fresh eggs the talk of all the town—
Hard boiled, or soft, or fried to savory brown,
Or poached, or dropped, or sipped raw from the shell,
Or done in ways too numerous to tell. * * *
Add herbs and salad to the feast.
Bring forth the clustered fruitage of the vine. * * *
And last, delicious fragrance of the east!
With cups of steaming Mocha close the feast;
But taste the amber with a lingering lip—
No hasty draught!—'twas made for gods to sip!
Now, if you diet thus, why, I'll engage,
You've found the secret of a green old age.
—Translated from the Latin.

Islanders Lose Front Teeth.

THE British Admiralty, in co-operation with several scientists and physicians, has just concluded an exceedingly interesting investigation conducted for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, why the members of the colony on Pitcairn Island have no front teeth. While the investigation was fruitless so far as satisfactorily solving the problem was concerned, it revealed a very peculiar condition among the descendants of the mutineers of the ship Bounty, now living on Pitcairn Island, in the South Pacific Ocean.

An official report of the investigation has been made to the Lords of the Admiralty by Surgeon R. B. Scribner, of H. M. S. Shearwater. He says:

On the way from the landing place to the settlement and going through the settlement I met many of the inhabitants, and was very much struck by the fact that many of them were minus the front teeth of the upper jaw.

I carried out my inquiries concerning this peculiar phenomenon on the lines suggested by Mr. Tomes and Mr. J. Kingston Barton in their letters to the Secretary of the Admiralty. The total population of the island is 153. This number is thus made up: Males, 74, of whom 27 are married; females, 79. Mr. Christian very kindly collected together a number of the inhabitants for me to examine. There were present 36 in all. These 36 were a very representative gathering, as there were 14 adult males, 10 adult females, 7 male children and 5 female children present.

Out of this number, 6 men, 3 women, 4 male children and 3 female children showed the remarkable loss of front teeth. From these figures one may say that 50 per cent of the people are affected, and that there is practically no difference in the sexes. In all these cases, and especially in the younger people, the remainder of the teeth—i. e., the back teeth of the upper jaw—and all the teeth of the lower jaw—were quite sound, in fact, remarkably good. Most of the islanders had excellent teeth, barring the deficiency of the front in some cases.

The incisors are apparently the only teeth affected in this peculiar manner—at all events, that was the case in the people I saw. These teeth break on owing to caries which sets in in childhood. Mr. McCoy, a dentist, informed me that this decay commences soon after the permanent teeth are established, and usually first attacks one of the middle incisors. One of the children I saw was thus affected. The other incisors soon become carious and break off close to the gums. As a rule Mr. McCoy extracts the stumps. Apparently if the teeth in childhood escape the peculiar form of caries they are not thus attacked in later life. Mr. McCoy also informed me that this dental trouble made its appearance for the first time among the fourth generations of islanders, and certainly three old men whom I saw of the third generation did not present this phenomenon. He says the children are more troubled in this way now than they were some thirty or forty years ago.

The children of a Mr. Coffin, who has been twenty-two years on the island, are not affected, whereas the children of a Mr. Warren who settled on Pitcairn Island in 1864, were affected. Both Mr. Coffin and Mr. Warren married Pitcairn women. The families whose children are affected differ in no way, physique or otherwise, from the remainder of the inhabitants—in fact, I think most of the families have some members who exhibit these caries. The islanders generally have the Polynesian type of countenance—some more than others—but all types are equally troubled with their teeth.

The class of food eaten by the islanders does not, I think, in any way account for this early decay of teeth. The people mostly live on fruit, which is abundant, and consists of oranges, pineapples, figs and bananas. The only flesh meats they have are goats and fowls. They do not chew betel-nut or put their teeth to any extraordinary use. I was struck by their remarkably healthy appearance. Some of the inhabitants do not appear to be very bright or over-intelligent, but this may have been due to shyness before strangers. They do not show any marked signs of degeneration. I tested a sample of the drinking water, and found it to be of excellent quality and free from all impurities. It contained no lime salts.—Sunday Call.

Man Who Makes Himself.

Men are made what they are by two forces, heredity and environment.

Take a new-born babe,—a Shakespeare or a Stevenson—and put it down upon an uninhabited island and it will perish of hunger. Set a savage to nurse it and it will grow up a savage.

Your intellect and character are at birth what your forefathers made them. And the intellects and characters of your forefathers were what their forefathers and their own surroundings made them.

After birth, you become just what your circumstances and the people around you, acting upon your peculiar character and intellect, may make you.

Born among sots and thieves and reared among them, you will almost certainly become a sot and a thief. Born and reared among thugs, you would have learned and grown to delight in murder.

Whatsoever you are, you are what your forefathers, your circumstances and your companions have made you. You did not make yourself. Therefore you have no right to yourself. You were made by other men. Therefore to those other men you are indebted for all you are; and you should pay that debt.

Allow me to illustrate this position by using myself as an example. I am a writer. I write a story and I sell it to the public. Suppose I can, by the sale of many copies, secure a large sum of mony. Am I justified in calling that money mine; in asserting, as so many men do assert, that I have earned that money by my own industry and talent, and that it therefore belongs to me alone, by right? I don't know what you think, John Smith, but I know that I have not done that work without help, and that in justice I must pay back to all men what they have lent me.

What have they lent me? They lent me all that I have and all that I am.

Who taught me to read and to write. Who nursed me, clothed me, fed me, cured me of my fears and other ailings? Where did I get my ideas, my thoughts, my power, such as it is, of literary arrangement, form and style?

I tell you frankly that I don't know. What do I owe to Solomon, to Carlyle, to Dickens; to a hundred other writers? What do I owe to personal friends, to schoolmasters, to the people I have rubbed shoulders with and touched hands with all these years? What do I owe to the workshop, to the army, to the people of the inns, to the churches, to the newspaper offices, the markets and the slums? I don't know. I can only tell you that these people have made me all I am, and have taught me all I know.

Nay, I could not even write a story after all my learning and being, and suffering, if I had not fellow-creatures to write about. Now I tell you, John Smith, that I am in debt to my instructors. I owe a debt to the living and to the dead. You may say I cannot pay the dead. But suppose the dead have left heirs! The claims of these heirs are binding on me.

Or there may be a will. To none, in my peculiar make up, am I more indebted than to Jesus Christ. Well, He left a will. His will expressly bids me to treat all men as brothers. And to the full extent of my indebtedness to Christ am I bound to pay all men, his heirs. And after all these debts are considered, I, the author of a tale, am still in the same position as the inventor of a loom, for I cannot so much as get a copy printed without the aid of myriads of living workmen and dead inventors.

The pen I write with, the paper I write upon, the types, the press, the engine, the trains, the printers, the carrier, even the poor little barefooted news-boy in the streets are all necessary to my greatness, my fame, my wealth. And after all, suppose no one would buy my book nor read it. Who

(Continued on Page 5.)